



"TELL THEM TO OBEY THE LAWS AND UPHOLD THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES."—LAST WORDS OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

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J. W. HOUZ, PROPRIETOR.

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S. T. 1860-X.

DRAGON PLANTATION BITTERS.

A Bitter was on her lip—health was in her cheek, strength was in her step, and in her eyes—Fountain Bitters.

A few bottles of Fountain Bitters will cure Nervous Headache.

"Cold Extremities and Evering Lips."
"Stomach and Bowel Bile."
"Phlegm and Indigestion."
"Nervous Debility."
"Excessive Fatigue and Short Breath."
"Pain over the Eyes."
"Mental Depression."
"Prostration, Great Weakness."
"Sallow Complexion, Weak Bowels, &c."

Which are the evidences of

LIVER COMPLAINT AND DYSPEPSIA.

It is estimated that seven-tenths of all adult ailments proceed from a diseased and torpid liver. The biliary secretions of the liver over-flowing into the stomach poison the entire system and exhibit the above symptoms.

After long research, we are able to present the most remarkable cure for these horrid high-grade diseases, the world has ever produced. Within one year over six hundred and forty thousand persons have taken this Fountain Bitters, and not an instance of complaint has come to our knowledge!

It is a most effective tonic and accessible remedy, suited to all conditions of life.

The reports that it relies upon mineral substances for its active properties, are wholly false. For the public satisfaction, and that patients may consult their physicians, we append a list of its components.

CUCURBIT BARK—Celebrated for over two hundred years in the treatment of Fever and Acute Dysentery, Weakness, &c. It is included into Europe by the Colleges, and into the Pharmacopoeia of 1840, and afterwards by the Germans for the treatment of the most violent dysentery, and was finally made popular by Louis XVI. King of France. It is highly recommended in its medicinal qualities during the South American travels.

CUCURBIT BARK—For cholera, dysentery, and diseases of the stomach and bowels.

DEVELOPMENT—For inflammation of the liver and dropsical affections.

CHAMOMILE FLOWERS—Aromatic, stimulant and tonic—highly invigorating in nervous debility.

WINTERGREEN—For rheumatism, neuralgia, &c.

ANISE—An aromatic carminative; creating flesh, muscle and milk; much used by mothers nursing.

Also, clove-buds, orange, caraway, coriander, nutmeg, &c.

S. T. 1860-X.

Another wonderful ingredient, of Spanish origin, imparting beauty to the complexion and brilliancy to the mind, is yet unknown to the masses of the world, and we withhold the name for the present.

IMPORTANT CERTIFICATES.

Philadelphia, N. Y. December 18, 1861.

Messrs. P. H. Dwyer & Co.—I have been a great sufferer from Dyspepsia for three or four years and had to abstain from eating. About three months ago I tried the Fountain Bitters, and to my great joy, I am now nearly a well man. I have recommended them in several cases, and as far as I know, always with signal benefit.

I am respectfully yours,

Rev. J. S. CARROLL.

Philadelphia, 10th Month, 17th Day, 1861.

Reverend Friends:—My daughter has been much benefited by the use of the Fountain Bitters. They will send me two bottles more.

Thy friend, A. A. CORNELL.

Sharon Mass., Chicago, Ill. Feb. 11, 1862.

Messrs. P. H. Dwyer & Co.—Please send me another twelve cases of your Fountain Bitters. As a morning appetizer, they appear to have superseded everything else, and are greatly esteemed.

Yours, &c.

GAGE & WATTS.

Arrangements are now completed to supply any demand for this article, which from lack of government stamps has not heretofore been possible.

The public may rest assured that in the possession of the recently revised standard of the Fountain Bitters they are assured of the best. Every bottle bears the signature of its proprietor on a steel plate engraving, of a cabinet glass bottle.

Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Dealers throughout the country.

HAMILTON HOUSE,

OPPOSITE THE COURT HOUSE, URBANA, O.

J. W. HOUZ, Proprietor.

The "Hamilton" has been thoroughly refitted for the accommodation of guests. We are confident of rendering satisfaction to all.

Select Poetry.

FONTENOT.

A BATTLE-BALLAD.

"There at the bridge of Fontenot, the English column failed,
And twice the lines of St. Antoine the Dutch in vain assailed;
For town and slope were filled with fort and flanking battery,
And well they swept the English ranks and Dutch auxiliary.
As surely, thro' De Bani's wood, the British soldiers burst,
The French artillery drove them back, dimbled and dispersed.
The bloody Duke of Cumberland beheld with anxious eye,
And ordered up his last reserve, his latest chance to try.
On Fontenot, on Fontenot, how fast his generals ride!
And mounting come his chosen troops, like clouds at eventide.

"Six thousand English veterans in stately column tread,
Their column base in front and flank, Lord Hey is at their head;
Steady they step down the slope—steady they climb the hill;
Steady they stand—steady they fire, moving right and left still.
Between the wood and Fontenot, as thro' a furnace blast,
They break, as breaks the Zeyher Zee thro' Holland's ocean banks.

"Now, lady, than the summer flies, French flint-rush round;
As steady to the lava tide, French squadrons strew the ground;
Bomb-shell, and grape, and round-shot tore; still on they marched and fired—
Fast from each volley grenadier and volunteer retired.
"Push on my household cavalry!" King Louis loudly cried:
To death they rushed, but ride the shock—not unavenged they died.
On thro' the camp the column trod—King Louis turns his rein:
"No yet, my liege!" Six hundred troops remain.
And Fontenot, famed Fontenot, had been a Waterloo.
Were not those allies ready then, fresh, vehement, and true.

"Lord Clare," he says, "you have your wish, there are your Saxons left!"
The Marshal almost smiles to see, so fariously he goes.
How fierce the look those allies wear, who're wont to be so gay!
The treasure-trove of fifty years are in their hearts to-day—
The treaty broken are the link wherewith 'twas won could dry.
Their plundered homes, their ruined shrines, their women's pining cries;
Their plumed and mailed down like wolves, their country overrun—
Each looks as if revenge for all were staked on his arms.
On Fontenot, on Fontenot, nor ever yet else where,
Rushed on to fight another battle than these proud allies were.

"O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as, halting, he commands—
"Fix bayonets"—charge!—like mountain storm, rush on those brave boys bands!
This is the English column how, and faint their voices grow.
Yet, mastering all this strength they have, they make a gallant show.
They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that battle wind—
Their bayonets the breakers foam, like rocks the men behind.
One volley crashed from their line, when, thro' the surging smoke,
With empty guns clutched in their hands, the bleeding Irish broke.
On Fontenot, on Fontenot, hark to that fierce cry:
"Remember Limerick dash down the Saccobagh!"

"Like lions leaping at a fold, when read with hammer's pang,
Right up against the English line the Irish exiles sprang:
Bright was their leader, 'tis bloody now, their guns are filled with gore,
Thro' shattered ranks, and severed files, and trampled flags they took.
The English strove with desperate strength, pained, maimed, staggered, fled—
The green hill-side is matted close with dying and with dead;
Across the plain and far away passed on that hideous wreck,
While Cavalier and Fenian dash in upon their track.
On Fontenot, on Fontenot, like eagles in the sun,
With bloody plumes the Irish stand—the field is bright and won."

The Columbus Express, Lincoln evening paper, has been suspended owing to the ill health of the paper—the editor we meant to say.

Our Government should keep its secrets. It is fortunate that our Government is not a woman.

The selfish tailor-chandler hates the sun-shine; he thinks of it as a formidable rival in business.

No matter how fine a table you set for your guests if you have a coarse wife at one end of it.

THE GAMBLER'S CARNIVAL.

AN HOUR AMONG THE BULLS AND BEARS ON CHANCE—HOW THE THING IS DONE.

[From the Record Table.]

ONE pleasant Saturday afternoon I happened to be in William-street, near Exchange Place. There was a tremendous crowd there and every body seemed greatly excited. Large numbers of elegantly dressed young gentlemen conversed freely on the curbstone, and semi-respectable looking old persons of the kind indelicately denominated "buffs," but-tooled each other with effusion in the middle of the street. Small boys with portfolios and cash-boxes and check-books darted hither and thither. Steady men, with nothing in their pockets save their hands, stood about listening to the talk of others with an eyes-dropping air. The atmosphere was charged with a magnetic equality quite new to me, and I was forcibly impressed with a sense that something had happened.

It was therefore a relief for me to see my friend D. G. in the crowd. He used to do business in that region some years ago, and knows all about it; so I asked him what was the matter.

"There's been a panic," said he, "and the street hasn't got over it yet. Stocks have been knocked higher than a burnt boot!"

This eccentric statement explained to me the crowd, the feverish conversation, the magnetism of the atmosphere. Men who had been rich at breakfast time are penniless now. Men who had been penniless were suddenly rich. The degenerate wheel of fortune had made a grand revolution, and many lame ducks were crawling from beneath its inexorable tire.

"Are you going into the outside board?" asked D. G.

As I was an outsider, I thought this to be my proper place where to seek what a stock market is.

"I should like to go to do," I said.

"You can't get in without some endorsement or authority," said D. G.; but I guess I can get you an admission."

I asked him to do so, and he did. He procured a slip of paper whereon was written a date, and a request to "admit the bearer and oblige"—a tolerably well known firm. D. G. told me that the man who gave him this paper asked, a moment after, if 'that check for one hundred thousand dollars' had been 'given out yet.' The boy appealed to answered, "No, but that the note for sixty thousand dollars" had "just come in."

I, who do not believe in such sums generally, fancied the conversation to be improvised for the purpose of conveying an air of responsibility on the part of the firm, to my friend. Possibly these people wanted to borrow a dollar from him. Subsequently I learned that this firm does a business involving millions.

Very few people know what is going on in the stock market region every day. I, for one, had not imagined anything like it. I had fancied that there were excited groups on Wall-street, but I was wrong. William-street is the centre of financial delusions, and the "outside board," as it is called, in contradistinction to the "regular board," is the very Babel and pandemonium of finance.

At three o'clock P.M., or thereabout, I entered the room where this pandemonium is daily held. The doorkeeper took my pass and scrutinized it.

"That is good, isn't it?" I asked innocently. He laughed and turned to the next comer. The signature of a firm worth millions is rarely questioned in William-street.

The room was large, dusky, dirty, and crowded. Plain wooden seats were arranged in a semicircle—precisely like the benches of a concert saloon—around a place like a pulpit. In this stood an old gentleman, with grey hair and whiskers, holding in one hand a ponderous mallet of rosewood, and in the other a bass drum stick. Behind him hung a small gong, and beside him sat a strange looking, skeleton like young man, with long hair and an account book.

Greek to me and worse. The main object seemed to be an increase of the confusion already reigning, and when ten or fifteen persons, young and old, Jew and Gentile, got to the pitch of their voices, yelling themselves purple in the face, the old gentleman in the pulpit added to the demoniac roar by beating steadily upon his gong with the drum stick and upon his counter with the gavel, crying, "Order! Order, gentlemen!" as loud as any of them.

In the course of my various studies of the human being under various excitements, I have penetrated to those unhalcyon chambers devoted to the joyous and expensive games of faro and roulette. Likewise have I witnessed the playing of brag and poker upon the turbid bosom of the Mississippi; but nowhere have I seen card gamblers who would for a moment have tolerated the undignified, the ignominious, the graceless and avaricious confusion that characterized this meeting of the outside board of stock brokers. Rich-erto my idea of down town business had been associated with some notions of heavy respectability and quiet importance; but such notions are shattered and scattered forever. I can only remember this scene as a type of bedlamite financial debauchery, and flummery irretrievable. Instinctively I buttoned my pockets—a somewhat needless precaution, perhaps, but a scrutable avarice permeated the atmosphere, and I had vague fears of losing the coat off my back, my hat, my boots, my senses, anything and everything that I might possess.

There were many boys present, of ages from fourteen to twenty. Some of these brought and sold heavily, exhausting their slight treble voices to a degree of hoarseness quite painful. Most of the youngsters, however, contented themselves with taking notes of the fluctuation in price of the different stocks. Such were probably sent there by their employers, for the purpose. I was told that they often acquired great skill in judging the market thus, and come out strong as brokers on their own account ere long. One such, known as Little Charlie, was pointed out to me as knowing far more about stocks than his employers, of the firm of G. B. & Co.

The noise soon wearied me. I do not see for the life of me, how this sort of thing can be endured more than a year without fatal results. I would not pursue it for a longer period without some surety of gaining a larger fortune than the majority ever gain. I passed out, then, only to find a still denser, noisier crowd surrounding the door steps. Men were dropping in for a moment, and returning with few quotations from the sale inside, which they vociferated stentorously, offering to buy or sell to the throng below—unhappy wretches, who had not the key to those mysterious portals.

Trying to wedge my way through this dense mass of humanity, I was accosted by a young man of good humored appearance, who asked me if it was "going hard or soft inside." Not quite comprehending the phrase, I said I rather thought it was. I sincerely hope that he sold no valuable stock on that statement.

Crossing over to Delmonico's, close at hand, I found many of these gigantic gamblers refreshing the inner man with strange and stimulating compounds. An acquaintance whom I met there told me that I could pick up thousands of dollars' worth of information, if I wished to "operate," by simply listening about. I am not adverse to thousands of dollars, so I acted upon his suggestion, and heard a stout man say, "Bubble and Squeak is fetching thirty six, buyer ten." To which a thin man replied, "Don't see it, no how. I've made a corner in Squeak and Sling-wheel." "I'm going to sell short on Persimmon Valley," remarked another. At this moment I became bewildered and unhappy. I had the information, but saw nothing of the thousands of dollars. So I came away, determined to adhere to the present to my legitimate profession.

A correspondent of a Boston paper asserts that these scenes are mildly repeated among the ladies who live at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. It is not impossible, but I hardly like to think that the other sex is quite so lost.

This correspondent, however, seriously gives the following as his experience among the ladies of that hotel:

"They were all talking stocks. A parcel of young brokers live in the house, and every evening they are sent over to the 'coal hole' to execute the commissions of the ladies. I did not ask any of their husbands what they thought of this arrangement. A lady took me in tow and we walked down the drawing room,

looking and listening to what was being done and said.

"Jenny," said a very pretty woman to another, "you'd better buy some Mich'g'n Southern. It's sure to go up to 140."

"Now, Lizzy," replied her friend, "it's no use for you to be bailing the market. I don't believe any such thing."

"Oh, you horrid bear, you," retorted Lizzy, "you've been selling short, you know you have!"

"So we passed along, hearing conversations of this sort from women, who held stock lists in their hands, and eagerly inquired if their brokers had returned from the coal hole, and what they had done."

If this be true, what are we coming to? Are we about to turn into a nation of gamblers, and make a second Baden Baden of New York? If both men and women indulge in this dangerous game of beggar-my-neighbor, the next generation will come honestly enough by a wholesale mania for throwing dice, and will undoubtedly erect statues to Fortune, fickle-goddess, instead of to the heroes of war. Perhaps, however, Secretary Chase may come in for a godly monument.

The Great Engineering Feet of Col. Bailey.

ADMIRAL PORTER'S OFFICIAL ACCOUNT.

MISSISSIPPI SQUADRON.

FLAGSHIP BLACK HAWK.

MOUTH RED RIVER, MAY 16, 64.

SIR: I have the honor to inform you that the vessels lately caught by low water above the falls at Alexandria have been released from their unpleasant position. The water had fallen so low that I had no hope or expectation of getting the vessels out this season, and as the army had made arrangements to evacuate the country, I saw nothing before me but the destruction of the best part of the Mississippi squadron.

There seems to have been an especial Providence looking out for us in providing a man equal to the emergency. Lieut.-Col. Bailey, Acting Engineer of the Nineteenth Army Corps, proposed a plan of building a series of dams across the rocks at the falls, and raising the water high enough to let the vessels pass over. This proposition looked like madness, and the best engineers ridiculed it; but Col. Bailey was so sanguine of success that I requested Gen. Banks to have it done, and he entered heartily in the work. Provisions were short, and forage was almost out, and the dam was promised to be finished in ten days, or the army would have to leave us. I was doubtful about the time, but had no doubt about the ultimate success, if time would only permit. Gen. Banks placed at the disposal of Col. Bailey all the force he required, consisting of some three thousand men and two or three hundred wagons. All the neighboring steam mills were torn down for material—two or three regiments of Maine men were set at work felling trees, and on the second day after my arrival in Alexandria from Grand Ecore, the work had fairly begun. Trees were falling with great rapidity, teams were moving in all directions, bringing in brick and stone; quarries were opened; flat boats were built to bring stone down from above, and every man seemed to be working with a vigor I have seldom seen equalled, while perhaps not one in fifty believed in the success of the undertaking.

These falls are about a mile in length, filled with rugged rocks, over which at the present stage of water it seemed to be impossible to make a channel.

The work was commenced by running out from the left bank of the river a tree dam, made of the bodies of very large trees, brush, brick and stone, crossed with heavy timber, and strengthened in every way which ingenuity could devise. This was run out about three hundred feet into the river, four large coal barges were then filled with brick and sunk at the end of it. From the right bank of the river, cribs filled with stone were built out to meet the barges, all of which were successfully accomplished, notwithstanding there was a current running of nine miles an hour, which threatened to sweep everything before it.

It will take too much time to enter into the details of this truly wonderful work, suffice it to say that the dam had nearly reached completion in eight days' working time, and the water had risen sufficiently on the upper falls to allow the Fort Hindman, Osage and Neosho to get down and be ready to pass the dam. A good deal of difficulty was anticipated in getting over the bars on Lower Red river—depth of water reported only five feet—gunboats were drawing six. Providentially we had a rise from the back-water of the Mississippi—that river being very

swung in below the dam on one side. Seeing this unfortunate accident, I jumped on a horse and rode up to where the upper vessels were anchored, and ordered the Lexington to pass the upper falls if possible, and immediately attempt to go through the dam. I thought I might be able to save the four vessels below, not knowing whether the persons employed on the work would ever have the heart to renew the enterprise.

The Lexington succeeded in getting over the upper falls just in time, the water rapidly falling as she was passing over. She steered directly for the opening in the dam, through which the water was rushing so furiously that it seemed as if nothing but destruction awaited her. Thousands of beating hearts looked on, anxious for the result. The silence was so great as the Lexington approached the dam that a pin might almost have been heard to fall. She entered the gap with a full head of steam on, pitched down the roaring torrent, made two or three spasmodic rolls, hung for a moment on the rocks below, was then swept into deep water by the current, and rounded to safely into the bank.

Thirty thousand voices rose in one deafening cheer, and universal joy seemed to pervade the face of every man present.

The Neosho followed next—all her hatches battened down, and every precaution taken against accident. She did not fare as well as the Lexington, her pilot having become frightened as he approached the abyss, and stopped her engine, when I particularly ordered a full head of steam to be carried. The result was that for a moment her hull disappeared from sight, under the water. Every one thought she was lost. She rose, however, swept along over the rocks with the current, and fortunately escaped with only one hole in her bottom, which was stopped in the course of an hour. The Hindman and Osage both came through beautifully, without touching a thing, and I thought if I was only fortunate enough to get my large vessels as well over the falls, my fleet once more would do good service on the Mississippi.

The accident to the dam, instead of disheartening Col. Bailey, only induced him to renew his efforts, after he had seen the success of getting four vessels through. The noble-hearted soldiers, seeing their labor of the last eight days swept away in a moment, cheerfully went to work to repair damages, being confident now that all the gunboats would be finally brought over. The men had been working for eight days and nights, up to their necks in water, in the boiling sun, cutting trees and wheeling bricks, and nothing but good humor prevailed among them. On this whole, it was fortunate the dam was carried away, as the two barges that were swept away from the centre swung round against some rocks on the left and made a fine cushion for the vessels, and prevented them, as it afterward appeared, from running on certain destruction.

The force of the water and the current being too great to construct a continuous dam of six hundred feet across the river in so short a time, Col. Bailey determined to leave a gap of fifty feet in the dam, and build a series of wing dams on the upper falls. This was accomplished in three days' time, and on the 11th inst. the Monitor City, the Carondelet and the Pittsburg came over the upper falls, a good deal of labor having been expended in hauling them through the channel being very crooked—scarcely wide enough for them. Next day the Osage, Louisville, Chillicothe, and two tugs also succeeded in crossing the upper falls.

Immediately afterward the Monitor City, Carondelet and Pittsburg started in succession to pass the dam, all their hatches battened down, and every precaution taken to prevent accident.

The passage of these vessels was a most beautiful sight, only to be realized when seen. They passed over without an accident, except the unshipping of one or two rudders. This was witnessed by all the troops, and the vessels were heartily cheered when they passed over.

Next morning at 10 o'clock the Louisville, Chillicothe, Clark and two tugs passed over without any accident except the loss of a man, who was swept off the deck of one of the tugs.

By 3 o'clock that afternoon the vessels were all coaled, ammunition replaced, and all steamed down the river with the convoy of transports in company. A good deal of difficulty was anticipated in getting over the bars on Lower Red river—depth of water reported only five feet—gunboats were drawing six. Providentially we had a rise from the back-water of the Mississippi—that river being very

high at that time—the back-water extending to Alexandria, 150 miles distant, enabling us to pass all the bars and obstructions with safety.

Words are inadequate to express the admiration I feel for the ability of Col. Bailey. This is, without doubt, the best engineering feat ever performed. Under the best circumstances, a private company would not have completed this work under one year, and to an ordinary mind the whole thing would have appeared an entire impossibility. Leaving out his ability as an engineer—the credit he has conferred upon the country—he has saved the Union a valuable fleet worth nearly two millions of dollars; more, he has deprived the enemy of a triumph which would have emboldened them to carry on this war a year or two longer, for the intended departure of the army was a fixed fact, and there was nothing left for me to do in case that event occurred, but to destroy every part of the vessels, so that the rebels could make nothing out of them.

The highest honors the Government can bestow on Col. Bailey can never repay him for the service he has rendered the country.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

DAVID D. PORTER,

Rear Admiral.

Hon. GIBSON WELLES, Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C.

Of all the many pretty things spoken in play by Sidney Smith, that one angel of English wit, none throws so amiable a light on the essential vein of his intellect—his playfulness—as that recorded in the story of the pretty girl and sweet-peas. It is a story that will bear any amount of repeating.

"Oh! Mr. Smith," the pretty girl said, who was paying a visit to his garden with a party of friends, and pointing to some sweet-peas, "those sweet-peas have not yet come to perfection."

"Then," said Sidney Smith, stepping forward and taking the young beauty by the hand, "permit me to conduct perfection to the sweet-peas."

A GOOD OYE.—A good thing is said of Gen. Joe Johnston. A Georgia militia officer, somewhat indignant that Johnston kept retreating, asked him why he did not stand and fight Sherman. Johnston wanted to know, "how the d—l can I give him battle, when I can't find either of his tanks?"

Judge Thomas L. Jewett of Steubenville, brother of Hon. Hugh J. Jewett, has contributed over \$500 to enable poor men with families to procure exemptions. Such action is commendable in men of wealth.

The court martial upon Sergeant-General Hammond resulted in his conviction. The findings have not yet been made public.

Next to us is not the workman whom we have hired, nor our fellow workman, but the Workman whose work we are.

If there be no tints of affection in the morning haze of life, it will be vain to seek them in the staring light of the later noon.

When you feel inclined to read poetry, take down your dictionary. The poetry of words is as beautiful as that of sentences, and often more suggestive.

CONVERSATION is a very serious matter. There are men with whom an hour's talk would weaken one more than a day's fasting.

CONSCIENCE is like the natural unguent of the sea-fort's plume, which enables him to shed the rain that falls on him.

MANY don't know how to drop so acquaintance. How hard it is for some people to get out of a room after the visit is really over.

THERE are persons who would show their liberality to a starving man by sending him a costly tooth-pick instead of food.

The Hon. Edward Everett announces that the Relief Fund for East Tennessee now amounts to \$100,000.

An earthquake is a terrible grave-digger.

PRINCIPLE is a passion for truth. The truths a man believes in are the pillars of his world.

To those who are half their lives fiercely busy, the remaining half is often torpid without quiescence.

If any man thinks rebellion a nice thing, let him get married.